Tom Snowt, the Tinker.

Snowt. Here *Peter Quince.*

Quin. You, *Pyramus* father; my ſelfe, *Thisbies* father; *Snugge* the Ioyner, you the Lyons part: and I hope here is a play fitted.

Snug. Haue you the Lyons part written? pray you if it be, giue it me, for I am ſlowe of ſtudy.

Quin. You may do it *extempore*, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the Lyon too, I will roare, that I will do any mans heart good to heare me. I will roare, that I will make the Duke ſay, Let him roare again, let him roare againe.

Quin. If you ſhould do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutcheſſe and the Ladies, that they would ſhrike, and that were enough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs euery mothers ſonne.

Bot. I grant you friends, if you ſhould fright the Ladies out of their wits, they would haue no more diſcretion but to hang vs: but I will aggrauate my voyce ſo, that I will roare you as gently as any ſucking Doue; I will roare you and t'were any Nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Piramus*, for *Piramus* is a ſweet fac't man, a proper man as one ſhal ſee in a ſommers day; a moſt louely gentlemanlike man, therefore you muſt needs play *Piramus.*

Bot. Well, I will vndertake it. What beard were I beſt to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will diſcharge it, in eyther your ſtraw-colour beard, your orange tawny beard, your purple in graine beard, or your french crowne colour beard, your perfit yellow.

Quin. Some of your french crownes haue no haire at all; and then you will play bare fac't. But maſters heere are your parts, and I am to entreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you,

you, to con them by too
the palace wood, a mile
light, there we will rehea
we ſhall be dogd with c
In the meane time, I will
our play wants. I pray yo

Bot. We will meete
obſcenely and couragiou

Quin. At the Dukes o

Bot. Enough, hold or

Enter a fairy at one

Robin. How now ſpiri

Fai. Ouer hill, ouer da
Ouer parke, ouer pale, th
I do wander euery wher
And I ſerue the Fairy Q
The cowſlips tall, her pe
In their gold coats, ſpot
Thoſe be Rubies, Fairy
In thoſe freckles, liue th
I muſt goe ſeeke ſome d
And hang a pearle in eu
Farwell thou Lob of ſp
Our Queene and all her

Rob. The King doth k
Take heed the Queene
For *Oberon* is paſſing fel
Becauſe that ſhe, as her
A louely boy ſtollen fro
She neuer had ſo ſweet
And iealous *Oberon* wo
Knight of his traine, to
But ſhe, perforce with-
Crownes him with flo

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